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A

FAMILIAR ADDRESS
TO THE
CURIOUS
IN
ENGLISH POETRY.

[PRICE EIGHTEEN-PENCE.]

1784

FAMILIAR

TO

C. U. R.

ENGLISH

[UNRECOGNIZABLE]

FAMILIAR ADDRESS
TO THE
CURIOUS
IN
ENGLISH POETRY:
MORE PARTICULARLY TO THE
READERS OF SHAKSPEARE.

By THERSITES LITERARIUS.

QUID VERUM ATQUE DECENS.

HOR.

ANSWER A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY, LEST HE BE
WISE IN HIS OWN CONCEIT.

PROV.

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M·DCC·LXXXIV.

FAMILY ADDRESS

C. F. H. O. U. S.

TRY

ST. J. H. O. U. S.

A

FAMILIAR ADDRESS,

&c. &c. &c.

GENTLE READERS,

THIS address is *designed for*,
and, *I flatter myself*, will be *attractive of*,
public attention to two important works:
one is called "*Observations on the three first*
volumes of the History of English Poetry;"
the other "*Remarks critical and illustrative*
on the text and notes of the last edition of
Shakspeare." That both these publica-
tions proceeded from the same pen is suffi-
ciently evident; from my own I will not
say

B

say—though I should be much concerned, *if contempt and oblivion should be their fate.* From which to rescue them, I will endeavour to protract the idea of their existence in your minds by certain *emendations and additions—list of blunders I should say—*(1) to both. *Indeed I shall not give myself the trouble to minute EVERY inaccuracy I might discover* (2) in them, but *take it for granted*, that a tolerable specimen adduced proves an infinity of errors behind, which never occurred to me.

Observations p. 1, at the bottom.

“ Personal motives I cannot possibly have
 “ been influenced by and utterly disavow.”
 Personal invective is commonly supposed to imply personal enmity: but the enmity in the present case is so far from being *personal*, that it is even founded on a general princi-

(1) See Observations p. 47.

(2) *ib.* p. 4.

ple. This position results from the character of Therſites—

Spleen to *mankind* his envious heart poſſeſt.

And much he hated *all*, but moſt the *beſt*.

POPE's tranſlation of Homer.

Page 2.

Mr. Warton is here reprehended for not making his **History** commence at an *earlier* period. Precisely at what period it ſhould have commenced was not my buſyneſs to point out. Yet many of my readers regard this objection as frivolous; nay, think it abſolutely proved ſo by my own illuſtration of it: becauſe nothing is more common in biography, than *to commence the ſtory of your hero at the 15th or 16th year of his age*; and a much eſteemed piece of biographical writing [Johnson's life of Sir Francis Drake] ſtands in this very predicament. As far as I can recollect the whole of the Obſervation was penned in a hurry: which indeed is

extremely visible by the close of it. For I was in such haste to heap censure upon censure, that not one of the censures is stated intelligibly. But to defend all my assertions, and explain all my obscurities, *would require greater leisure than I am either willing or able to devote to it.* (3)

Page 7.

Having made use of certain expressions long banished from the writings and conversation of Gentlemen, (such as, *flat nonsense—gross and unaccountable stupidity—matchless effrontery*—and the like) I thought it incumbent upon me to expound some of these unusual phrases by actual examples. The cited page affords a striking instance of *matchless effrontery*. For I accuse Mr. War-ton of leaving an error in his text, and onely correcting it by a *note*; and at the very same time do the same thing myself.

Page 10.

I proceed in a similar manner with regard to "Ladies having been anciently Sheriffs of Counties." But—to let the reader into a secret—when I printed the text, I knew no better; and, discovering the blunder too late, found myself obliged to insert *such a shuffling nonsensical paragraph* (4) by way of note. I could not absolutely retract what I had written without bringing myself into a dilemma, because *recantation proves nothing but ignorance* (5).

Page 13.

It is very true (as asserted in the Gentleman's Magazine of last February) that Mr. Warton has corrected himself in his "Emendations and Additions" with regard to

(4) Observations p. 31.

(5) id. p. 32.

“Boccacio’s invention of the Story of patient Grisilde.” But was it my business to see this? I should have lost the prettiest witticism in my book—“blind Bayard never hesitates at a leap.” It was better to be *blind* Bayard myself.

Page 20.

Could it be expected of me to refrain from having a stroke at Prior for his want of antiquarian accuracy? Bespattering an eminent character is the joy of Thermites. Yet I verily believe that the line in Prior would not be understood by any reader, but an antiquary, to confine the age of the Poem to exactly three centuries. The assertion may be taken in poetical latitude, and if in reference to the age of the NOT-BROWNE MAYDE herself, rather than of the poem, will leave no possible imputation of a literary inaccuracy upon Prior.

“ There have been at least half a score
 “ impressions since.” This is said to correct a bare belief, that the last edition of Sir David Lindsay’s works bears date Edinburgh 1709. The literary Public might perhaps have been obliged to me, if I had condescended to name these half a score later impressions. But should some troublesome inquisitive person cry, “ prithee, “ Master Therfites, how comes it about, “ that not one of those half a score editions “ ever appears in any of the most comprehensive modern catalogues ?” I would soon settle the point with my *restless inquirer* by—selling him a bargain :—*I do not care a fa-- whether you believe me or not.* (6)

To be serious, there is a real obstacle to my particularising these editions of Sir

David Lindsay. It would invalidate the proof of their existence. This seeming paradox will turn out perfectly clear by the subsequent addition to

Page 26.

Mr. Warton has put down the *title at large* of Skelton's morality, called the Nigramansir—the *date*—the *printer*—the *size* of the book—and a particular detail of its *contents*; and has also told us the *person* who shewed it him. For all which reasons I deny its existence. It would ill become a writer of my consequence to allow any thing to exist unknown to himself. M. La Croze, how famous soever within half a century, may as well have his name erased at once from all literary records, since I never heard of him (7). Yet it is an abominable shame for any author to be un-in-

(7) Observations p. 46.

formed of the merest trifle which I can inform him of. Not to know “ la biblio-
 “ theque bleue” for the quaint phrase of a
 Frenchman! *What astonishing ignorance!* (8)

Page 27.

A question is here asked with a very triumphant air, “ whether Morte Arthur was
 “ *recently* published in the reign of Henry
 “ the fourth, or of Queen Elifabeth? To
 which has been given this answer: “ late
 “ in the reign of Queen Elifabeth—printed
 “ by Thomas East. A copy of this im-
 “ pression was sold by auction among Mr.
 “ Ratcliffe’s books in 1776, and Mr. Pen-
 “ nant was the purchaser. This edition
 “ indeed is *without date*, but the printer
 “ (according to Ames) exercised his trade
 “ till after 1600. And though Ames’s au-
 “ thority should be disputed as to East and

(8) Observations p. 27, at the bottom.

“ Este being the same person, yet article
 “ 2077 of Bibliotheca Westiana (catalogued
 “ by the accurate Mr. Paterfon) contains
 “ two pieces printed by Thomas *East* so late
 “ as 1592. And whoever would pervert
 “ the meaning of the word *recently* as intend-
 “ ed for *originally* must be very short-sighted,
 “ or rather wilfully blind; since Mr. War-
 “ ton in another part of his work has wrote
 “ considerably about Morte Arthur—as
 “ Caxton’s.” I must confess, that I was
 not aware of these circumstances, and must
 intreat my gentle readers not to recollect at
 present—*always confident and always wrong*
 (9).

Page 28, at the bottom.

Mr. Warton’s superiority of conduct in
 the Rowleian controversy could not be de-
 nied: but, wherein it was most conspicuous,
 was not for me to observe. It galls me to

see, with what temper he refuted—a *virulent anonymous* antagonist.

Page 31.

If I was mistaken in the instance of Morte Arthur, I am certainly right in recording the blunder of *Gordobucke*: and a blunder it is of Mr. Warton's own memory. Yet is it not an amazing proof of partiality and prejudice, that not one of his admirers will allow it to be any imputation on the blunderer's learning? I heard one of them say: "such a trifling inaccuracy had (no doubt) better have been avoided: but whoever considers these errors of forgetfulness as marks of ignorance, must have a very shallow conception of what real knowledge consists in." Nay, such critics as these go so far, as to hold my detection of Freebairn for Ruddiman (10) almost as

(10) Observations p. 24.

cheap. *O monstrous ! Sheer radical ignorance and nothing else !* (11).

Page 32.

My readers might observe, that I set out with preparing them for *a warmth of expression*. The fire has been kindling apace, and now bursts out into a flame. I am so passionately fond of the passage, that I cannot help transcribing it at length. “ It is in my
 “ opinion a most extraordinary, and, I hope
 “ and believe, unparalleled circumstance,
 “ that a man of eminence in the literary
 “ world should, in order to enhance the
 “ bulk and price of his writings, hazard his
 “ reputation upon, and descend to, or rather
 “ be guilty of, such low, such paltry, such
 “ dishonourable, and even dishonest artifices,
 “ as almost to deserve the name and punishment of a—SWINDLER.” Without

(11) Observations p. 29.

vanity

vanity I can venture to affirm, that this passage *gives a* general challenge to all the regions of—BEAR GARDEN. Should any reader pretend to want it illustrated, let him turn to Macbeth—

It is a tale,
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Page 37.

Those who do not understand my manner of writing have here brought a charge against me of gross historical ignorance. They say, that Note 43 plainly infers *my* taking Henry the eighth for *Son* to Edward the sixth. And I have got into this scrape by charging Mr. Warton with a trivial error, which nobody believes to be HIS. I succeeded no better by noticing in p. 25 (of the Observations) a mistake of *Henry* for *Arthur*: for, as ill luck would have it, I foisted

foisted it among the extracts from the *second* volume, when it really occurs in the middle of the *third*. Risum teneatis, amici?

Page 42.

Whoever stands forth as an accuser, must not be over-scrupulous in collecting articles of impeachment. Otherwise Clitophon and Leucippe might have been allowed the title of a *Poetical* Novel. *Poesis Prosaica* not unfrequently distinguishes a literary class.

I have *thus completed my design* of revising the Observations; and trust, that it will not be deemed an useless labour, to have discovered and rectified as many errors and falsities in a small work of less than fifty pages
avowedly

avowedly consecrated to veracity(12), as remain yet chargeable on three large volumes of the History of English Poetry—replete with the most extensive erudition, and with a variety of difficult researches.

Before I proceed to a revifal of the “Re-marks,” *I fhall make bold to break the chain* with a fhort view of the orthographical peculiarity which prevails throughout both publications. Not to tire the patience of my readers, I will confine the inftances to a fingle fpecimen.

The fpelling of *therefor* can hardly have efaped your notice. If we are to be governed by the two Saxon monyſyllables of which it is formed, it fhould certainly be *therfor*; as it was frequently printed by

(12) See the motto to the Obſervations.

Caxton, and as sometimes a printer or two of later date affectedly printed it; a book that appeared about 1546 [The Complaint of Roderyck Mors] has many instances of this way of spelling. But Caxton also adopted *therfore*; which in some cases he could not with any propriety have avoided; since in “The Morale Proverbs of Chrystine” it rimes to *lore*, and in “The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales” to *swore*. Hence a plain inference may be deduced; which is, that the *final e* had been added so early as in the days of Chaucer. *Therfore* was most in vogue till the middle of Queen Elisabeth’s reign; since which the modern *therefore* has prevailed. To soften the sound of a word by the *final e* has always been a favourite practice with the English. They had added it to the words *ther* and *wher* long before they inserted it in the middle of their compounds *therefore* and *wherefore*: and it still continues to be omitted in *wherever*—except by myself;

myself; who, to preserve an equilibrium, have inserted the *e* in where-ever, which curtailed *therefor* wants. Thus neither the Saxon, nor *old* English, nor *modern* English, nor any Language whatever can lay claim to *therefor*; which is indubitably mine own child, and LITERAL AFFECTATION is its mother.

Surely, my gentle readers, you need not demand a stronger proof of this striking *peculiarity*; which neither Tyrwhitt, nor Manning, nor any of our ablest etymologists ever attempted to introduce. They are awed by general principles; and bow down to the maxim in Horace, “that established custom is the standard of language(13).” Perhaps too they may pay some little regard to a modern maxim in Rochefaucault—“C’est une grande folie de vouloir etre sage—tout seul.”

(13) ————— Si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.

I proceed to the REMARKS. The OBSERVER was contented with affronting a few *clerical* personages :

Nunc in *reluctantes dracones*

Egit amor *dapis* atque *pugnæ*.

HOR.

Let each censured note-writer defend his own particular errors, as he can. I shall set an example by a compendious revival of mine.

There are reckoned up in the preface *eight professed editors of Shakspeare*. I there deny, that any of the *eight* have actually *collated* the authentic editions; and affirm, *that the text is in the same state of inaccuracy and corruption in which it was left by Rowe*. Hence it might probably be concluded, that *no* edition of any part of Shakspeare, posterior to Rowes, has exhibited an accurate collation. Yet this is by no means true. The late Mr. Charles Jennens, in 1770, published KING LEAR perfectly collated

collated with *all* the editions; and he afterwards published more of the principal plays in the same manner. This circumstance I have absolutely stifled the mention of. Such a conduct would have been exceedingly reprehensible in any other editor. But evasive practices can leave no stain *upon*, are even permitted *to*, and commendable in the writings of

—this your all licensed Fool.

K. LEAR.

How I have substantiated the charge of *not collating* against the last of the *eight* editors, is now to be considered. After having examined [with the utmost attention and accuracy, or I should in no degree deserve the countenance of the Public] eleven volumes, containing thirty-six plays and annotations thereto, I have been able to produce *twenty-five* unequivocal marks of an uncollated text. But as *nine* of these twenty-five instances are annihilated by the “Supplemental Observations” in the eleventh volume, the number must have dwined

dled to *sixteen*—had it not been for a round assertion, that *hundreds of various readings had escaped the accuracy of Mr. Steevens in Hamlet alone*(14). Nor should the reader by any means imagine, that those *unspecified* hundreds of collations in Hamlet would have been of *little utility*; but rather rate their importance by a comparison with the other oversights noticed in the “Remarks.” To exemplify their consequence I will just mention *two—band a rope, for handle a rope* (15)—*a little while, for yet a while*(16).

I am now going to enter upon a subject, which might have given me much mortification, if I did not, after the example of the impostor Psalmanasar, take greater pride in displaying my plagiarisms, than in the plagiarisms themselves. I have already hinted at nine collations, which I had borrowed from the “Supplemental Observations,”

(14) Remarks, p. 190. note.

(15) Ibid. p. 3.

(16) Ibid. p. 19.

which

which are chiefly Mr. Malone's: I am indebted to the same for a dozen other remarks, which I have feloniously printed as my own. Nor can I more effectually demonstrate the frankness of my confession, than by a conspicuous arrangement of the passages, as follows:

TEMPEST.

Remark on page 47.

Mettle for Metal.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

—— on page 199.

The interpretation of *leave*.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

—— on page 100.

The sense of *mine own and not mine own*.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

—— on page 263.

Making

Making the conversation a sequel of what
had commenced before the Play.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

—— on page 278.

Interpretation of *extracting*.

WINTERS TALE.

—— on page 326.

The sense of *some five*.

CORIOLANUS.

on page 352.

The break in the sentence before—Boils.

on page 378.

The way of pointing and understanding—

Menenius? ever, ever.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

—— on page 326.

Most needs, for must need.

CYM-

CYMBELINE.

—— on page 175.

Fair for far.

OTHELLO.

—— on page 427.

Off-capp'd for oft capp'd.

—— on page 446.

Supposing Cassio's ignorance to be feignedly put on.

This fair exhibition of plagiarisms may at least preclude it from any other quarter. An unfriendly pen would have been apt to close the detection with a quotation from my preface—*Surely, men who thus proudly expose and severely reprobate the crimes of their neighbours, should effectually guard themselves against similar accusations.*

While the humour of confession continues, I will just point out one or two errors

rors, which disgrace the pages of the “Remarks.” A speech of Antipholis of Syracuse is inserted in “Measure for Measure(17):” but to make amends to the “Comedy of Errors,” I have enriched it with Benedick(18). Such little mistakes might have passed unnoticed, were I not conscious of having manifested a captious eagerness to discover them in others. Ah! why did I bark at Mr. Warton?—*take my advice:—Print it correctly, or, Let it alone(19).*

These confessions may appear ill calculated for promoting the sale of the edition of Shakspeare, advertised at the end of the “Remarks.” But, in truth, such an edition was never intended: it would require much too great a stock of patience, and diligence; of judgement, and of integrity. Neither were the Remarks their-

(17) Remarks, p. 25.
 (18) Ib. p. 29
 (19) Observations, p. 39.

selfes designed so much for a criticism on Shakspeare and his editors, as to usher into the world the *political* and *historical* tenets of the publisher. These he is deeply interested in promulgating, and would take some additional pains to gain profelytes to his singular opinions.

To begin with the *political*. Do not expect, my gentle readers, that I should come to any *confession* on this head. Perhaps it would not be safe; and is less likely to be reputable. I shall onely direct you to the passages, and leave it to yourselves to draw conclusions.

In page 84 occurs an opinion, the explanation of which (as it relates to the right of a "Convention of Estates" to bar the succession) I do not choose to be too busy with.

With regard to a paragraph at the bottom of the same page—it is fit you should be

reminded, that King John was actually *excommunicated and deprived by the Pope*; whence may be inferred my particular idea of *that damnable doctrine and position*, which every British subject is required to *abjure*.

The note to page 93 is a specimen of calumniating those, that died in defence of their country, and of the Protestant Succession.

Page 124 favours an universally exploded opinion of *indefeasible* hereditary descent.

The forecited passages were highly necessary to prepare you not to be too much amazed at my sneering the wisdom of our late glorious sovereign(20). I meant it for a trial of the public pulse; and it will at least be acknowledged a very novel mode of conciliating the approbation of ones coun-

(20) Remarks, p. 228.

trymen—by flandering the object of their esteem.

As Legislation is a branch of *Politics*, I here point out the invective against our municipal law concerning suicide(21). The passage has more meaning in it, than superficial readers are aware of. “Calling *perjury* a *virtue*,” and “*raving* at dame Justice,” would be admirable pieces of evidence before a Coroner’s Inquest. The *Finders of madmen* in such a case would stand little in need of a casuist to quiet their consciences.

My Oracles of *history* are Mr. Carte and Mr. Hume. They co-incide with me in politics. The truth of facts is an inferior requisite. What matters it, that Mr. Joseph Sandford detected in an Oxford Convocation the false pretences of the *first*? or that his own work sufficiently detects the

(21) Remarks, p. 66.

latter? The niceties of exactness are below the notice of so *elegant* an historian as Mr. Hume. Could it be expected that HE should turn to any volume of *la bibliotheque ROUGE* for the number (22) of Knights of the Garter? Indeed I should hardly forgive his want of reverence for Shakspeare, *the God of mine Idolatry* (23); but that he makes amends by never dissenting in principle from a very singular declaration that “Paganism surpasses Christianity both “in wisdom and in virtue(24).”

Upon the whole, it may not be amiss, in this place, briefly to recapitulate certain distinguishing qualifications in the author

(22) Hume's history, printed in his life time, makes the number 24 besides the Sovereign. In the posthumous editions the blunder is rectified.

(23) Preface to Remarks.

(24) See Remarks, p. 173.

of

of the pieces revised—his superiority to
common respects—his boldness in reproaches
—his defamatory licentiousness—

In *royal* scandal his delight supreme.

All which, taken together, cannot fail of
establishing in his own person an *indefeasible*
right to the name, stile, and title of

THERSITES LITERARIUS.

POSTSCRIPT.

TO convince the world that I do not wish
to recede from any declaration I have made,
but am still ready to *kiss the rod with plea-*
sure (25), I here subjoin a recent conversa-
tion, *very germane to the object of the present*

(25) Observations, p. 2.

Sheets

heets (26), between myself and an Old Gentleman. For the ease of the reader it is printed *dialogue-wise*.

Ther. Well, Sir, what say you to my late publications? Have not I thoroughly exposed these ignorant pretenders?

Old Gent. You have certainly raked together a sufficient number of accusations; many of which may be true, or may be false, for aught that I know of the matter. But if you had done it in more civil language, I should suppose it might have answered the purpose full as well.

Ther. O, Sir, little punctilios are below the notice of AUTHORS. Plain truth and detection are the points to be aimed at. And as you modestly decline giving an opinion of every particular instance, I would

only ask in general, if I have not made manifest an *unparalleled ignorance*?

Old Gent. To speak plain truth then, I really think that you have; and that the ignorance manifested is—YOUR OWN:—not so much perhaps of *literal* antiquities, but—of every thing;

————— quod magis ad nos

Pertinet, et nescire malum est:

HOR.

an *astounding ignorance* of the world, and of the manners of the present age. For, trust me, the PROGRESS OF REFINEMENT is not barely the theme of an elegant Poet: it has actually operated on almost every rank and order of human beings. I know a plain man, no classical scholar, yet addicted to the study of English literature; who, from the pleasure he had received in reading Mr. Warton, was induced to look into the “*Observations*.” The perusal extorted many a *pish* from him, and at length the following exclamation: “What a conceited
“coxcomb

"coxcomb must this be! and what a stile
 "he writes in! One would swear he had
 "borrowed it from his associated expositors
 "of language, the *college-porter* and *bed-*
 "*maker* (27). If such is the product of
 "antiquarian researches, I shall never desire
 "to be better acquainted with them: I have
 "no passion for a science so evidently ineffi-
 "cacious towards civilising the possessor of
 "it." Thus, you see, what disgust arises
 from an insult on universal delicacy. Had
 your attack been confined to the SNARLER-
 GENERAL, that scandalous chronicler of
 English Poets, the Public might onely have
 enjoyed the sport, and encouraged the com-
 batants with "fight DOG, fight BEAR."
 But Mr. Warton had previously retained
 that Public on his side by his valuable con-
 tribution to their fund of amusement.

Ther. Notwithstanding all you have said,
 I do not in the least despair of a very fa-

(27) Observations, p. 23, at the bottom.

vourable reception from the generality of readers. Nothing is more popular than abuse : witness the estimation of Junius :— whose spirit (if I succeed) I shall fancy myself to have happily inherited.

Old Gent. You had better have inherited the spirit of the Devil. A disciple of Junius must blaspheme our Constitution for the purposes of occasional slander ; must reprobate *bail* and justify *ship-money* : he must renounce truth and argument, and avowedly appeal to no other touchstone than the *malice* of the community. The *popularity* of those detestable Letters serves but to demonstrate a most alarming depravity of national morals, and also of national *taste*. For every writing which glaringly vilifies its author in the eyes of his readers, how smoothly soever the nervous periods may be rounded, is its own executioner. He visibly presupposes an utter extinction of the social virtues, and degrades all whom he addresses into the nature of infernals : strange

proofs of merit in a composer ! And with regard to the example of *success* in Junius—consider, that the ostensible subject of your own lucubrations must not look for readers among the demoniacs of party, but in the republic of letters. Yet surely you are not so infatuated as to claim the least alliance with this party-writer in *style*. Can you discover any likeness in your blurted petulancies ? Or would you vouch some encumbered sentence—with dislocated joints terminating in *upon, to, and of*—as if you were penning an act of parliament ? I confess that in the mere operation of “ throwing dirt ” you copy Junius to a marvel : but you want the art of moistening the compost, to make it *stick* ; it immediately crumbles into dust without approaching to the pelted object. After all, it is not my intention to dissuade or discourage you from writing. Onely learn first to write like a gentleman : leave off retailing stale illiberalities : get cured of your delirium of fancied importance : study
the

the proportionable value of accomplishments, nor continue to be maximus in minimis. Before you attempt to reform our orthography, try to discern the reasons of its subsisting mode. Be assured too, that the force of wit depends upon urbanity, and that sentiments bunglingly expressed are defective in the essence of sentiment. Far be it from me to depreciate the talents you have shewn. Though your needless panegyric on Juliet is a boyish sample of mistaken floridness, yet your defence of Hamlet's character is neither destitute of argument, nor transgresses the rules of civility. You seem to be tolerably versed in obsolete and provincial words, and in local vulgarisms. From some such well-spring of science you certainly drew your interpretation of a *great calf*, when you made it synonymous to a *runaway school boy*(28). Was *this* the calf into which you facetiously transformed Ariosto's Bull(29)? Or does

(28) Remarks, p. 81.

(29) Observations, p. 27.

the humour of that metamorphosis consist in Therfiteses assuming the parts of the stigmatised animal?—But doubts like these must necessarily vanish, when the promised Glossary to Shakspeare (30) shines forth. Your choice of such a subject for the exercise of your talents is exceedingly judicious. No *elegance* of composition will be requisite; and practice may possibly teach you in short explanations to arrive at a degree of *perspicuity*. If, moreover, you could break yourself of interrupting your readers by those savage ejaculations, I should not absolutely despair of your producing something useful and instructive. A work of this kind would do infinitely more credit to the compiler, than to be signalised for perpetual bickerings in the regions of literature, *whose ways should be ways of pleasantness, and all her paths be peace.*

(30) Advertisement at the end of the Remarks.

Ther.

Ther. A mighty fine sanctified conclusion indeed, Sir! Though I cannot help thinking, that one of your purposed dictates has been omitted. You should have bade me relinquish Shakspeare for Beaumont and Fletcher, and publish **THE TAMER TAMED.**

F I N I S.

